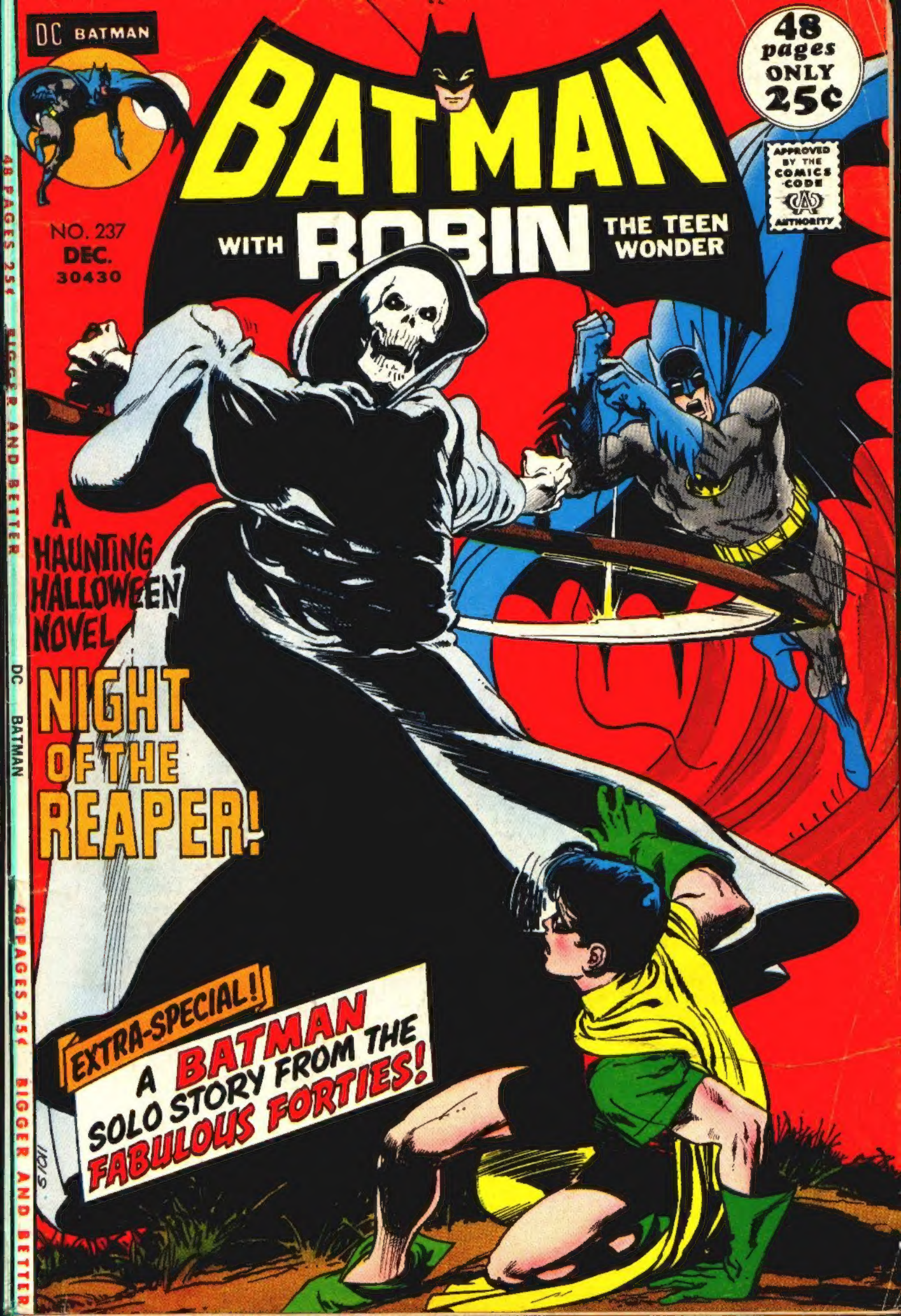
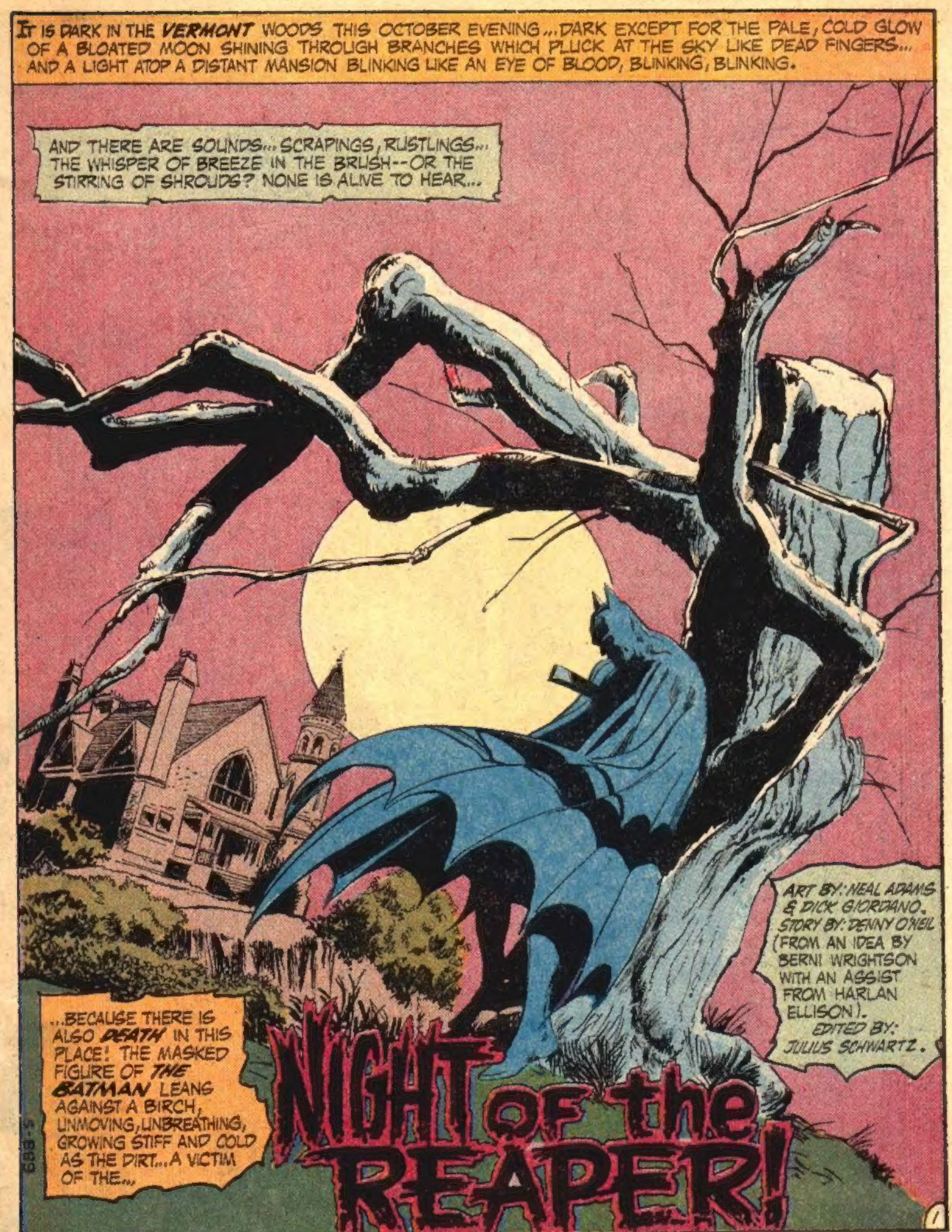

DC BATMAN
BATMAN
WITH ROBIN THE TEEN WONDER
48 pages ONLY 25¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
NO. 237
DEC.
30430
A HAUNTING HALLOWEEN NOVEL
NIGHT OF THE REAPER!
EXTRA-SPECIAL!
A BATMAN SOLO STORY FROM THE FABULOUS FORTIES!
48 PAGES 25¢ BIGGER AND BETTER
DC BATMAN
48 PAGES 25¢ BIGGER AND BETTER


IT IS DARK IN THE VERMONT WOODS THIS OCTOBER EVENING... DARK EXCEPT FOR THE PALE, COLD GLOW OF A BLOATED MOON SHINING THROUGH BRANCHES WHICH PLUCK AT THE SKY LIKE DEAD FINGERS... AND A LIGHT ATOP A DISTANT MANSION BLINKING LIKE AN EYE OF BLOOD, BLINKING, BLINKING.
AND THERE ARE SOUNDS... SCRAPINGS, RUSTLINGS... THE WHISPER OF BREEZE IN THE BRUSH--OR THE STIRRING OF SHROUDS? NONE IS ALIVE TO HEAR...
ART BY: NEAL ADAMS & DICK GIORDANO. STORY BY: DENNY O'NEIL (FROM AN IDEA BY BERNI WRIGHTSON WITH AN ASSIST FROM HARLAN ELLISON). EDITED BY: JULIUS SCHWARTZ.
...BECAUSE THERE IS ALSO DEATH IN THIS PLACE! THE MASKED FIGURE OF THE BATMAN LEANS AGAINST A BIRCH, UNMOVING, UNBREATHING, GROWING STIFF AND COLD AS THE DIRT... A VICTIM OF THE...
NIGHT OF the REAPER!
S-689

BATMAN. Vol. 32, No. 237, December, 1971. Published monthly, with the exception of April and October by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd & Dickey Sts., Sparta, Ill. 62286. EDITORIAL, EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 909 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Julius Schwartz, Editor. Sol Harrison, Production Manager. Ed Lolucher, Circulation Director. Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N.Y. and Additional Mailing Offices. For advertising rates address Sanford Schwarz & Co., Inc., 16 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Copyright © National Periodical Publications, Inc., 1971. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred.

**"This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever." Printed in U.S.A.**

ELSEWHERE, A FESTIVAL BRIGHTENS THE AIR... THE ANNUAL RUTLAND HALLOWEEN PARADE...
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU DRAGGED US UP HERE, DICK! TO SEE A BUNCH OF DUM-DUMS GOOF AROUND DRESSED AS SUPER-HEROES?
I THOUGHT IT'D BE NICE TO GET AWAY FROM YE OLDE COLLEGE GRIND FOR THE WEEKEND!
I'M WITH DICK! IT'S FUN... AND BESIDES, WE MIGHT MEET SOME GIRLS!
OH, MAN! DIG THE FLOATS!
ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES DEPICTED IN THIS TALE IS PROBABLY A STRANGER TALE THAN YOU'D EVER REALLY BELIEVE!
2
I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY ROOMMATE! HE'S ACTING... STRANGE!
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME... NOT AFTER STAYING AWAKE THREE DAYS CRAMMING FOR THAT ART EXAM!
RIGHT!... AND GULPING COFFEE AND WHO-KNOWS-WHAT-ELSE TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN!
MAN, THOSE FLOATS ARE SOMETHING ELSE!

I HEAR THERE'S A PARTY AT TOM FAGAN'S HOUSE OUTSIDE TOWN! WANT TO GO?
SURE! WHERE A PARTY IS, GIRLS IS!
FUNNY... I NEVER GOT INTO FLOATS BEFORE!
3

TOM LIVES AT THE END OF THIS STREET--
HEY! UP AHEAD... A FIGHT!
FROM HERE, THE ODDS LOOK THREE-TO-ONE!
WONDER WHY THEY'RE CALLED FLOATS...?
COME ON!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DICK!
CAREFUL... THEY GOT BLACKJACKS!
BUT DICK'S WARNING IS SHOUTED TOO LATE!
HE'S DOWN!--OUT!
4

MY OTHER BUDDY ISN'T DOING TOO WELL, EITHER! I'VE GOT TO COOL THESE BUMS-- SOLO--
GOT TO HANDLE THEM WITHOUT LOOKING TOO MUCH LIKE A CERTAIN TEEN WONDER!
--OR MY SECRET IDENTITY IS BLOWN!
THAT'S TWO OUT OF THE PROCEEDINGS! NOW TO TACKLE THE THIRD...
DICK... DICK, MAN...
SAY, MAN... DID YOU DIG THOSE OUTASIGHT FLOATS?
BLAST! HE STUMBLED INTO ME...
A STUNNED MOMENT LATER...
I'M DAZED... WEAK... NO WAY TO CATCH THE HOODS!
AT LEAST WE CHASED 'EM OFF!
YOU GUYS HURT BAD?
APART FROM HAVING BRAINS SOGGY AS HUNGARIAN GOULASH, NO... I'M DANDY!
5

WHY'D THOSE CATS JUMP YOU, FELLA?
I'M NOT SURE! FROM SOMETHING THEY SAID, I GOT THE IMPRESSION THEY THOUGHT I WAS THE REAL ROBIN!
PROBABLY JUST MUGGERS! CRIME IS ON ALL KINDS OF STREETS THESE DAYS!

HEY... WHERE'S MY ROOMMATE?
YOU GUYS GO ON AHEAD TO THE PARTY! I'LL SEARCH FOR OUR ZONKY PAL!
I GUESS HE WANDERED OFF DURING OUR LITTLE BRAWL!
OKAY, DICK!

THEN, IN A NEARBY CLUMP OF TREES...
I DON'T FOR A SECOND BELIEVE THE BLACKJACK CREW WERE CASUAL RIP-OFF ARTISTS--
NO, THEY WORKED LIKE PROS! SOMETHING PUTRID IS STINKING IN RUTLAND--
R

SWIFTLY, STEALTHILY, WITH THE SKILL OF THE GREAT BATMAN HIMSELF, THE YOUNGSTER SLIPS THROUGH THE FOREST, UNTIL...
...AND THAT'S THE CUE FOR ROBIN TO SCOUT THE SCENE!
A FIGURE AHEAD... A DARN FAMILIAR FIGURE!
BATMAN... IS THAT YOU?
CONTINUED ON 2 OR PAGE FOLLOWING.

OH, DEAR LORD... H-HE'S DEAD!

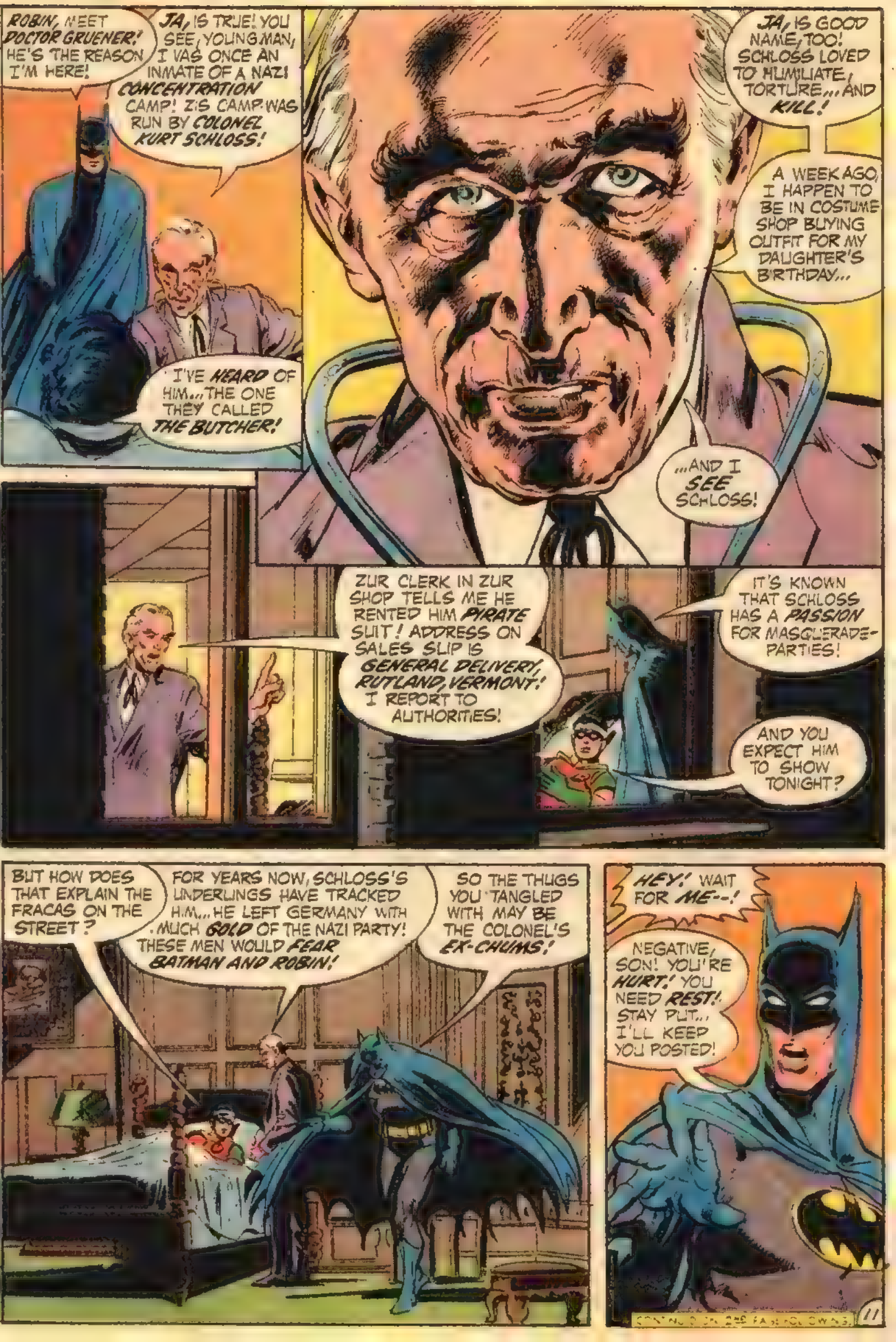
NO...THIS POOR GUY'S BEEN MURDERED, ALL RIGHT--BUT HE'S NOT THE BATMAN!

THE COSTUME IS CHEAP, SHODDY...MUST HAVE BEEN RENTED! HE'S ONE OF THE PARTY-GOERS!

THE MOONLIGHT'S SO DIM I CAN'T READ THE GROUND FOR FOOTPRINTS! WE MAY HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING FOR CLUES...

REFLEXIVELY, HE DODGES THE WHISTLING BLADE...
HIS BOOT CATCHES ON A DEW-WET STONE...
FLAILING DESPERATELY, HE PITCHES BACKWARD, OVER THE LIP OF A STEEP INCLINE...
AND TUMBLES TO A CLUSTER OF ROCKS IN A SWIFT-RUNNING STREAM BELOW...
A MOMENT OF BLINDING, EXPLODING PAIN... AND NUMBNESS... AND STILLNESS... AND WATER FILLS HIS NOSTRILS, HIS LUNGS...
MAN, I JUST GOTTA FIND SOMEONE TO RAP WITH ABOUT FLOATS!
9

SUDDENLY, A CAPED SHADOW SWELLS FROM THE DARKNESS— THE DREAD BATMAN...
HEARD SCUFFLING FROM THIS AREA! HARD TO TELL EXACTLY WHAT MADE THE NOISE WITH THAT STREAM GURGLING...
ROBIN--!? OR A KID WHO COULD BE HIS DOUBLE!
PRAY I'M NOT TOO LATE--
IS...IS IT REALLY YOU--?
EASY, LAD! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH... I'M TAKING YOU TO A DOCTOR!
AS THE BATMAN CARRIES HIS WARD TO THE SPRAWLING OLD MANSION OF TOM FAGAN, THE YOUTH STUMBLINGLY RELATES HIS STORY...
SOON, IN A VACANT BEDROOM...
DO YOU MAKE ANY SENSE OF THE WEIRD STUFF GOING DOWN?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE ATTACK ON THE BOY DRESSED AS YOU... NOR THE MURDERED MAN WEARING MY COSTUME--
IS POSSIBLE I CAN, HERR BATMAN!
10


ROBIN, MEET DOCTOR GRUENER! HE'S THE REASON I'M HERE!
JA, IS TRUE! YOU SEE, YOUNG MAN, I VAS ONCE AN INMATE OF A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP! ZIS CAMP WAS RUN BY COLONEL KURT SCHLOSS!
I'VE HEARD OF HIM... THE ONE THEY CALLED THE BUTCHER!
JA, IS GOOD NAME, TOO! SCHLOSS LOVED TO HUMILIATE, TORTURE... AND KILL!
A WEEK AGO, I HAPPEN TO BE IN COSTUME SHOP BUYING OUTFIT FOR MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTHDAY...
...AND I SEE SCHLOSS!
ZUR CLERK IN ZUR SHOP TELLS ME HE RENTED HIM PIRATE SUIT! ADDRESS ON SALES SLIP IS GENERAL DELIVERY, RUTLAND, VERMONT! I REPORT TO AUTHORITIES!
IT'S KNOWN THAT SCHLOSS HAS A PASSION FOR MASQUERADE-PARTIES!
AND YOU EXPECT HIM TO SHOW TONIGHT?
BUT HOW DOES THAT EXPLAIN THE FRACAS ON THE STREET?
FOR YEARS NOW, SCHLOSS'S UNDERLINGS HAVE TRACKED HIM... HE LEFT GERMANY WITH MUCH GOLD OF THE NAZI PARTY! THESE MEN WOULD FEAR BATMAN AND ROBIN!
SO THE THUGS YOU TANGLED WITH MAY BE THE COLONEL'S EX-CHUMS!
HEY! WAIT FOR ME--!
NEGATIVE, SON! YOU'RE HURT! YOU NEED REST! STAY PUT... I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED!
CONTINUED ON PAGE FOLLOWING
11

I VILL MIX WITH CROWD... SEEK SCHLOSS!
GIVE A HOLLER IF YOU SPOT HIM... A LOUD HOLLER!
HI! I'M YOUR HOST... TOM FAGAN!
WHERE'D YOU GET THE BAT-COSTUME? IT'S GREAT... BETTER THAN MINE! AND YOU'VE GOT THE MUSCLES TO GO WITH IT!
UH, THANKS! I EXERCISE A LOT!
THOSE GLOOMY SORTS STANDING BY THEMSELVES FIT ROBIN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BLACKJACK EXPERTS!
YOU REALLY WRITE COMIC BOOKS, HAH? BOY, IS THAT A DUMB WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!
MIND GETTING OFF MY FOOT?
I'M DRESSED AS WEBSLINGER LAD! HE'S MY IDOL!
THEY'LL BEAR WATCHING... BUT I DON'T SEE ANY PIRATES!
HMMM... NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE!
12

I THINK THESE SUPER-HERO BASHES ARE NEAT! DON'T YOU?
I'M...UH...LEARNING TO LIKE 'EM! WHY DON'T WE GO SOMEWHERE AND DISCUSS THE MATTER?
NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT CIRCULATE AND HOPE FOR A BREAK!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
MAN, THAT BLINKING RED LIGHT ON TOP OF THE HOUSE IS COOL! ALMOST AS COOL AS FLOATS!
DO YOU DIG FLOA...OOH!
HA-HA-HA-HALP!
13

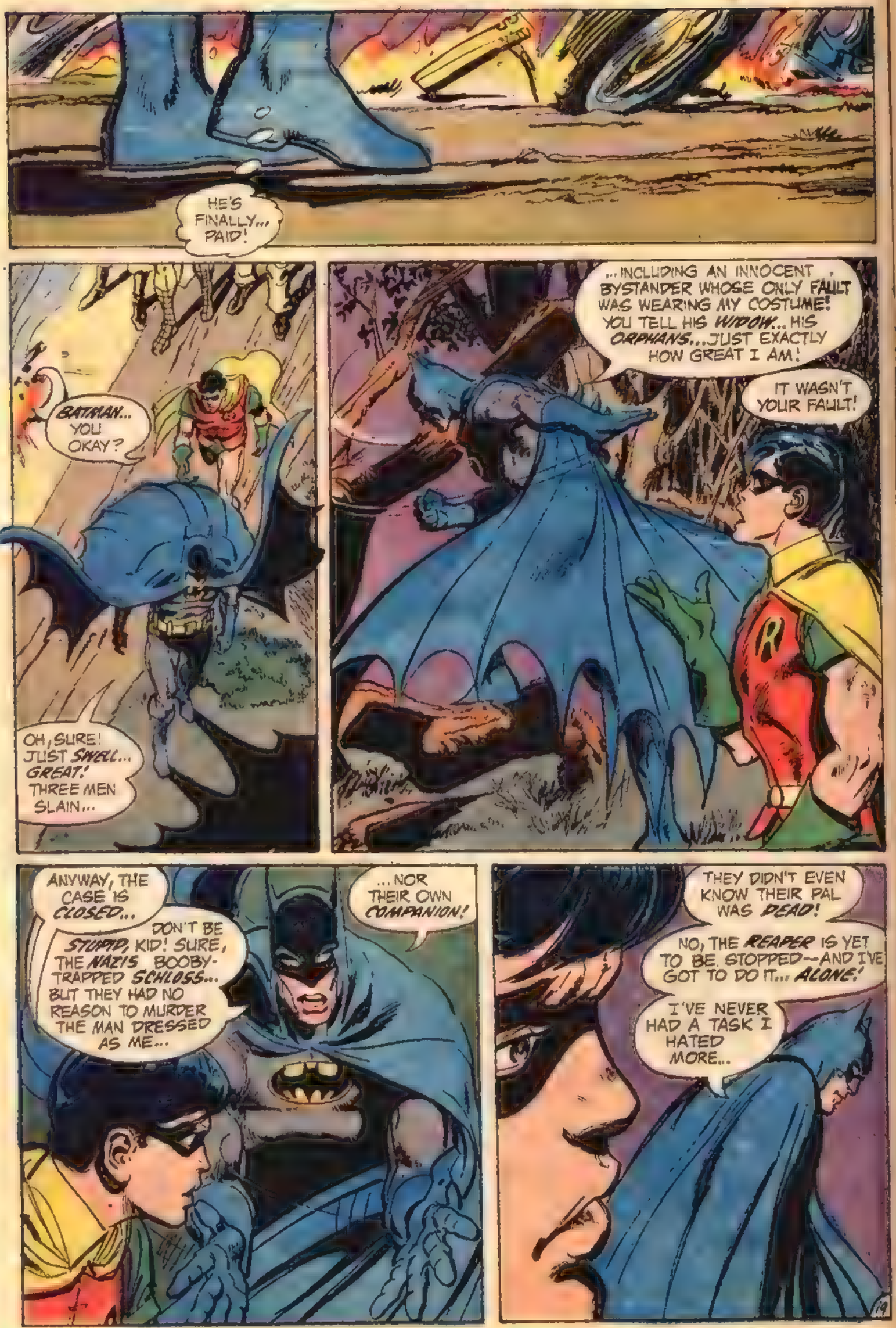
HALP! THERE'S A S-SKELETON... AND A BODY!
WHERE? SHOW ME--FAST!
LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER...
STABBED IN THE HEART WITH A LONG WIDE BLADE! THE REAPER AGAIN!
SHOULD I CALL THE POLICE?
NO! DON'T SAY A WORD TO ANYONE! JUST HIDE SOMEWHERE!
I WILL! BELIEVE ME... I WILL!
IF NEWS OF THE MURDERS GETS OUT, IT'LL END THE PARTY! AND WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE OF NABBING SCHLOSS!
AND UNLESS BRUTES LIKE HIM PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES, THE THING WE CALL CIVILIZATION IS A FARCE!
ODD... THE WAY THAT LIGHT IS BLINKING IN A PATTERN!
OF COURSE! SHORT BLINKS FOLLOWED BY LONGER BLINKS... MORSE CODE!
I REMEMBER A FLIGHT OF BACK STAIRS TO THE ROOF...

I'LL SAVE PRECIOUS SECONDS BY AVOIDING THE CROWD IN FRONT!
IN A DARKENED CUPBOARD, HIDDEN FROM THE BATMAN'S SIGHT, THERE IS A SUDDEN, FRIGHTENED MOVEMENT...
A PARTY-ER CLAD IN A COLORFUL PIRATE GARB STEPS FORTH, HIS GAZE RIVETED ON THE BATMAN'S RETREATING BACK...
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE BATMAN'S HEAD-LONG DASH TAKES HIM TO HIS QUARRY...
EXACTLY WHAT I EXPECTED TO SEE! HE'S UNDOUBTEDLY STANDING GUARD..
YOU'VE USED YOUR SKULL-SMASHER ENOUGH!
HIS CONFRERE WILL BE IN THE CUPOLA ABOVE, SENDING THE MORSE MESSAGE!
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

IS YOU, HANS? I AM FINISHED SHORTLY! RETURN TO YOUR POST!
HUH...? IS NOT HANS! WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU MUST DIE!
BUT BEFORE THE EX-NAZI CAN TRIGGER HIS LUGER, THE LIGHT SWITCHES OFF...
SKRAASH
16

THE HOST, TOM FAGAN, RIGGED THIS BLINKER SET-UP...ADDS A NICE SPOOKY TOUCH TO THE PROCEEDINGS!
THOSE AGING GOOSE-STEPPERS SAW IT AS AN EASY WAY TO COMMUNICATE! BUT... COMMUNICATE WHAT??
MY WOULD-BE KILLER CAN ANSWER THAT... AND HE WILL!
LISTEN TO ME, NAZI... I GIVE YOU A CHOICE! YOU CAN TALK OR...
I TALK!... I TALK!
I WANT TO KNOW THE CONTENTS OF THE MESSAGE YOU WERE SENDING TO YOUR FRIEND IN THE WOODS!
WE SEEK REVENGE ON COLONEL SCHLOSS FOR SPENDING NAZI PARTY TREASURES! WE OBSERVE HIM ARRIVING IN YELLOW AUTOMOBILE...
...I INFORM MY FRIEND THAT REVENGE IS COMPLETE! WE PUT BOMB IN AUTOMOBILE...
THE WHIRR OF AN ENGINE INTERRUPTS THE NAZI'S RECITAL! INSTANTLY, THE BATMAN WHIRLS, HIS HANDS ALREADY DARTING TOWARD THE SILKEN ROPE IN HIS BELT...

SCHLOSS! GET OUT OF THERE! RUN...!
18


HE'S FINALLY... PAID!
BATMAN... YOU OKAY?
OH, SURE! JUST SWELL... GREAT! THREE MEN SLAIN...
...INCLUDING AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER WHOSE ONLY FAULT WAS WEARING MY COSTUME! YOU TELL HIS WIDOW... HIS ORPHANS... JUST EXACTLY HOW GREAT I AM!
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!
ANYWAY, THE CASE IS CLOSED...
DON'T BE STUPID, KID! SURE, THE NAZIS BOOBY-TRAPPED SCHLOSS... BUT THEY HAD NO REASON TO MURDER THE MAN DRESSED AS ME...
...NOR THEIR OWN COMPANION!
THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEIR PAL WAS DEAD!
NO, THE REAPER IS YET TO BE STOPPED--AND I'VE GOT TO DO IT... ALONE!
I'VE NEVER HAD A TASK I HATED MORE...
19

GRIMLY, THE BATMAN SEARCHES, PASSING AMONG THE WORN REMNANTS OF THE PARTY...

HE'S NOT ANYWHERE IN THE HOUSE... H'S CAR IS STI... PARKED ON THE ROAD OUT FRONT..

HE MUST HAVE GONE ACROSS THE FELD... TOWARD THE STREAM... THE SITE OF HIS FIRST KILLING...

IT IS DAWN... THE LONG NIGHT IS GONE! MIST RISES FROM THE ETERNAL EARTH, CHILL AND ENVELOPING AS THE MEMORY OF OLD GRIEF! SLOWLY, THE BATMAN STALKS HIS QUARRY...

AT LAST HE EMERGES FROM THE WOODS, AND FACES THE TAKER OF LIVES! WHEN HE SPEAKS, THERE IS NO TRIUMPH IN HIS VOICE...

YOU CAN'T RUN ANY FARTHER! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE... FROM ME-- OR YOURSELF!

THEN... YOU HAVE GUESSED MY IDENTITY?

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

OF COURSE! THOSE NAZIS CHASING SCHLOSS--THEY *COULDN'T* HAVE KNOWN I WAS AROUND--UNLESS *YOU* TOLD THEM!

AND HAVE YOU ALSO GUESSED *WHY* I TOLD THEM?

YES! AFTER YOU INFORMED ON SCHLOSS, YOU HAD A CHANGE OF HEART... YOU DECIDED ON *PERSONAL* VENGEANCE!

AND WHO HAS *BETTER* RIGHT? MY FATHER AND MOTHER, MY SISTERS... I SAW THE *BUTCHER* EMPTY HIS PISTOL INTO THEIR BODIES...

I HEARD HIM *LAUGH* AS THEIR BLOOD POURED ONTO THE FILTH OF THE CAMP!

WHO ARE *YOU* TO JUDGE ME? YOU--WHO HAVE NOT WITNESSED THE *HORROR* OF THOSE DAYS!

STILL, I AWAKE FROM SLEEP *SCREAMING!* I FEEL THE *AGONIES*... SMELL THE SMOKE OF THE *EXECUTION* CHAMBER... LISTEN TO THE HELPLESS CRYING OF BABIES...

TRUE, I HAVE NO RIGHT TO JUDGE! NEITHER HAVE YOU!
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH WATER IN THAT STREAM TO WASH THE GUILT FROM ANYONE WHO PRESUMES TO TAKE THE LIFE OF ANOTHER--!
BAH! THIS IS NONSENSE! FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, I HAVE BORNE THE BURDEN OF MY SORROW--
NOW I AM FREE! I SHALL REMAIN FREE!
YOU WON'T STOP ME!
SWOOSHHH
DOCTOR... I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT...
...TO HURT-- AAGH!

HE'S STRONG... WITH THE STRENGTH OF MADNESS! SOMETHING IN ME WANTS TO LET HIM GO! IN HIM, I SEE SOME OF MYSELF!
LIKE HIM, I LOST PARENTS TO EVIL... NO! HIS WAY IS WRONG!
I'M TELLIN' YA, IT'S TRUE. IT WAS DEATH... HE HAD A GIANT SICKLE AND HE WAS ALL BONES...
C'MON, ALAN, YOU'VE BEEN HALF-BAGGED ALL NIGHT! YOU'RE JUST...
NO...NO! NOW, LISTEN, I SAW IT... I SWEAR! THIS DEATH GUY ATTACKED ME AND THEN BATMAN JUMPS OUT OF NOWHERE...
...AND...HEY... GUYS! WHAT'S UP... ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU BELIEVE ME?...
HEY, C'MON... THE STORY'S NOT THAT SCARY!

GET OUT OF MY WAY-- FOOL!

I--SAID--GET-OUT-OF--MY WAY!!
--HEY... GIMME A CHANCE-- OOMPH

YOU SWINE... MOVE! HE'S COMING!-- MOVE, MOVE!!

I WARNED YOU....!
PLEASE-- MISTER... FOR GOD'S SAKE...

W-WHAT HAVE I BECOME?
HEY-- MISTER... WATCH IT!
DOCTOR!...DON'T STEP BACK...
DOCTOR--
CHUK
The End

ELSEWHERE, A *FESTIVAL* BRIGHTENS THE AIR... THE ANNUAL *RUTLAND HALLOWEEN* PARADE...

I *STILL* DON'T SEE WHY YOU DRAGGED US UP HERE, DICK! TO SEE A BUNCH OF DUM-DUMS GOOF AROUND DRESSED AS *SUPER-HEROES*?

I THOUGHT IT'D BE NICE TO GET AWAY FROM YE OLDE COLLEGE *GRIND* FOR THE WEEKEND.

I'M WITH *DICK!* IT'S FUN... AND BESIDES, WE MIGHT MEET SOME *GIRLS!*

OH, MAN! DIG THE *FLOATS!*

ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES DEPICTED IN THIS TALE IS PROBABLY A STRANGER TALE THAN YOU'D EVER REALLY BELIEVE!



I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT MY ROOMMATE! HE'S ACTING... *STRANGE!*

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME... NOT AFTER STAYING AWAKE THREE DAYS CRAMMING FOR THAT *ART* EXAM!

RIGHT... AND GULPING COFFEE AND WHO-KNOWS-*WHAT*-ELSE TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN!

MAN, THOSE FLOATS ARE SOMETHING ELSE!

I HEAR THERE'S A PARTY AT *TOM FAGAN'S* HOUSE OUTSIDE TOWN! WANT TO GO?

SURE! WHERE A PARTY IS, *GIRLS IS!*

FUNNY... I NEVER GOT INTO FLOATS BEFORE!